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ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
THE WORLD'S GREAT MARTYR.

A DISCOURSE ⁴²⁶
946

DELIVERED IN THE

M. E. Church, Jamaica, L. I.,

ON

SABBATH MORNING, APRIL 23D, 1865,

BY

REV. CHARLES BACKMAN.

JAMAICA:
CHARLES WELLING, "LONG ISLAND FARMER."
1865.



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SERMON.

TEXT:—"Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen."—Zech., 11 : 2.

EVERY event in human life brings with it its corresponding lessons and obligations. God's providential government of the world, both as it concerns distinct personalities and nations, is replete with tremendous issues, yet frequently inscrutable to finite conception. It is not man's prerogative to descend into the profound abysses of infinite wisdom and comprehend infinite design. Sometimes God in his condescension doth permit us to understand somewhat the causes of his action, but in the main it seemeth rather to be his pleasure to hide the deep underlying principles of his government from human ken, behind a veil of impenetrable mystery. Nor would it be exhibiting much wisdom on our part to undertake the task of unraveling these mysteries ; for very many of the facts of His government, at least so far as a human understanding of them is concerned, are *thus* and *so* simply *because* they are so.

If however man could see things as God sees them, how changed would be his views respecting the wisdom and benignity of Jehovah.

Here then is most clearly seen the great want of faith in God through 'our Lord Jesus Christ. Where sight fails to take us, faith will hold us with a steady hand, and cause us to rise above the distracting circumstances of life. Here is the Christian's hope ; here the Christian's foundation.—Upon this he stands ; upon this he triumphs.

Some of the providences which visit humanity are exceedingly afflictive in their nature ; and in many cases the first impulse is to murmur against God, if not for sending, at least for permitting them. This is frequently the case with those who are not governed by religious principle ; and indeed Christians are sometimes betrayed into this same error. Now a careful and intelligent study of God's providential government of the world is not only advantageous to the intellect but profitable to the heart. The mind is illumina-

ted and the soul made better. As a legitimate result we have enlarged views both of the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God. And let it be further remembered that each of these providences comes to us all teeming with practical instruction and freighted with the tremendous utterances of Eternal Godhead. Let it be ours to learn the proper lessons and make them subservient to good ends.

With these observations we set ourselves to the task of discussing the subject before us :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE WORLD'S GREAT MARTYR.

We do not of course presume to be able to say those things that are altogether in keeping with the great event that has befallen America, and will move the whole civilized world with a tremendous shock, but still we are anxious to do honor to the great man who has fallen as no other President has ever yet fallen. For one, therefore, I am altogether unwilling to let this occasion pass by without touching the sublime character of this great patriot and statesman with the perfume of this public benediction.

The text we use mainly as a motto. Indeed its literal signification has reference doubtless to the loss of the great men of the age in which it was uttered. And we conceive it to be beautifully and forcibly suggestive of the dirge-like grief of the sons and daughters of this great Republic at the loss of their honored chieftain.

Well may we say to-day from the central depths of our souls, "*Howl fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen. Weep children, for your father is gone.*"

For four long weary years we have been passing through fields of fire and rivers of blood. Our hearts have all beaten with tremendous anxiety. Ours was no small struggle. Millions upon millions of treasure have been expended ; and thousands upon thousands of precious lives sacrificed upon the Altar of Liberty. The strife waxed hotter and hotter still. To-day we gain a victory ; to-morrow suffer a defeat. Thus the fortunes of war were constantly fluctuating. At length God smiled upon us from his lofty habitation. The clouds began to scatter, the mist of years were lifted, and the sun of Peace, so long obscured, was about to burst upon our enraptured vision with full-orbed splendor. We had long been looking for this day, and praying for its early dawn ;

and now our prayers were answered, and the time of our full redemption drew nigh. Victory after victory was ours, stronghold after stronghold yielded, until Richmond itself, the long defended Capitol of the Confederacy prostrated herself at the feet of the conquering hero, Grant. Then followed in quick succession the surrender of Lee, the General-in-Chief of all the Confederate forces, with his army of Northern Virginia.

Quick flew the tidings, with more than archangelic speed, across the continent, thrilling every loyal heart with joy unutterable. The heart of the people beat more grandly and deeply than the great pulse of nature. The hour of our deliverance had come. Dismay was sent through all rebeldom. Nearly all their strongholds had fallen, and their chief, with his main army, captured. The work of fighting was nearly done, and that of reconstruction had already commenced. We had been in the wilderness, and were just entering the promised land. Every heart was jubilant ; every flag thrown to the breeze. And no heart in the nation beat more gratefully and proudly than did that of Abraham Lincoln. Not an anxious mother in the land, not a soldier in the field, not a sailor in a ship, that was happier at the prospect of a cessation of hostilities and the stoppage of bloodshed than was our worthy chief. He deprecated war ; he shrank back from so much suffering and bloodshed, for his heart was as tender as woman's.

With all these bright prospects before us therefore we all rejoiced and were exceeding glad. The joy was intense ; the gladness universal. But lo ! in the midnight hour, at the national Capital, a cry was heard ; a bitter and heart-rending cry, that sent paleness to every cheek, and coldness to every heart. In the morning of Saturday, April 15th, 1865, when our daily papers came, they brought us the stunning and horrid intelligence that Abraham Lincoln had been shot by an assassin in the head, was mortally wounded, and was rapidly sinking ; and that the throat of William H. Seward had been cut from ear to ear, and that his two sons, including the Assistant Secretary of State, had been terribly wounded by the hand of an assassin.

My God, what a death-like shudder seized upon us ! The people stood aghast, and the faces of strong men were as pale as death. It came upon us all as a ponderous,

crushing thunder-bolt from a cloudless sky. In the flush of victory, in the midst of great rejoicing, and without a moment's warning the crash came, and the loyal nation at once bowed down to earth with grief deep but inexpressible. Of all the terrible hours of a life-time, this was the most terrible.

But words are too impotent to express the grief, and then the indignation of the people. Aye, if we had at our command the dialect of a higher sphere, we should still be inadequate for the task.

We guided our footsteps homeward, and with a heart burdened almost beyond endurance, entered our lonely closet, bowed down before God in prayer, and then the great deep of our soul was broken up and we could but weep like a child. We felt that it must not be so, and therefore hoped that if the President was still living, the wound would not prove fatal. But we had no reason whatever thus to hope. Alas ! alas ! that hope was but the offspring of despair. At 10 o'clock the sad telegram came announcing that, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, Abraham Lincoln, the great and good President of the United States of America, gave up the ghost and passed away to another sphere. O, what an hour ! Can it be true ? Is it fact, or is it fiction ? Are we dreaming, or are we awake ? We look again at the papers ; they have put on their mourning-dress. Alas, the details are too minutely drawn to admit longer of a doubt. And then the telegram came, removed every vestige of hope, the thing was done, and all was over.

Who did not now weep tears of deepest sorrow ? Not only the gentler sex, but strong men unused to tears sobbed like heart-broken children. The day even seemed dismal—*was* dismal. The sun went back behind the clouds, and refused to look down upon the heart-rending scene. The breezes played a dirge-like requiem as they swept by. The horse seemed sad in the street. All nature looked sombre, for when Abraham Lincoln died earth was impoverished and heaven, we trust, enriched.

We had had many dark days before during the rebellion ; days of gloom and heartfelt anxiety, but had never had a day like this. This was at once the saddest event of all our life. We had lost Presidents before—great, good men ; and their loss was keenly felt, but nothing like unto this had yet be-

fallen us. The death of a true, good President at any time is a great calamity ; but at a juncture of national affairs like the present, it is peculiarly distressing. And then, worse than all, he was not smitten down by disease. If he had sickened and died as other men die, we should still have bitterly deplored his loss ; but that he should be *murdered* in cold blood by the hand of a foul, black-hearted wretch in human shape, stealing behind his back when he could offer no resistance and make no defense, causes both our grief and indignation to know neither measure nor bound.

Go with me now to another part of the City of Washington. At ten o'clock at night a rider dismounts from his horse in front of a dwelling. He rings the door-bell, and desires to see the head of the house, who is sick upon his couch, telling the servant that he had a prescription from the physician for his patient, and must see him in person. He is refused, and then rushes rudely by. In the hall he is met by the son of the sick man, whom he at once fells senseless upon the floor. He then bursts in the room, uses his dagger on the three male attendants of the invalid, including another son, and when they are overpowered, springs to the sick couch, and then plants his glittering steel in the throat and sinks it in the bosom of William H. Seward, Secretary of State. He then rushes to the door, mounts his horse, and is off, having, as he thought, fully completed his work of blood and death.

The attack on the sick and helpless Premier was, if possible, more brutal and fiendish than that of the murder of the President. Ah, none but a devil in human shape could do a deed like that. And I affirm here to-day with calmness and deliberation, that it is my honest conviction that there is not a devil in all the extended caverns of Hell, that has a nature more polluted, and a heart more black and loathesome than those of the fiends who committed these great crimes against God, America, and the World.

But however much we may descant upon this topic, the die is cast and the deed done ; and to-day President Lincoln is numbered with the dead. And yet I cannot refrain from saying in this connection that it is a most strange providence that permitted this deed. We know not why it is. We only know that God suffered it, and we bow humbly before *Him*.

Well therefore may the nation mourn its honored and trusted head. The more the people saw of Abraham Lincoln, the more they loved him.

It may be remembered that your pastor in his discourse on last Thanksgiving day, made the observation and ventured the prediction that the American people, at least very many of them, did not appreciate Mr. Lincoln as he deserved, but that the day would come when they would do it. That day has come, and our prophecy stands. Friend and opponent vie with each other in their praises. The choice treasure is gone, the golden bowl broken, and now very many of us only begin to feel our loss.

You have good reasons for knowing that your speaker, from the beginning, has entertained a most exalted opinion of the virtues and talents of Mr. Lincoln, which eminently fitted him for the responsibilities of his high position. And it often puzzled us to know why so many good men even thought so harshly and spoke so ungenerously of him. But our eyes have all been opened, and many of us see to-day as we did not two years ago. We accept, with great pleasure, the praises of his former political opponents, as being his just due—a spontaneous and grateful tribute to genuine worth and exalted statesmanship ; but you will, I trust, meanwhile allow *us*, who have loved and sustained him from the first, to feel a deeper thrill of pleasure at the remembrance of his virtues and his fitness for the office to which the people had twice called him.

There are men—I will not say in this village—who for four years have not only opposed Mr. Lincoln politically—this is not wrong when it is done in a becoming manner, for there ought to be two political parties—but have branded him as a *liar*, a *thief*, a *villain*, a *murderer*, and a *tyrant* ; and who were not known to have changed their views up to the day of his death ; and yet I have been told that those very men vie with the most enthusiastic admirers of the lamented President in the extensiveness of the drapery upon their dwellings. How is this ? I cannot understand it. What philosopher can make it plain ? What sage can solve the problem ?

Did your speaker drape his dwelling when Beall, the rebel spy and highwayman, was executed in New York Harbor a

short time since? And would you wear the badge of mourning at the conviction and execution of a murderer? You would rather rejoice that the earth was rid of another vile wretch.

Consistency is very essential, and those who are consistent in this thing are known, and those who are not are also known. But if these displays are real evidences of genuine repentance even at the *twelfth hour*, we accept them most cheerfully; but if they be the work of *hypocrisy*, may God have mercy on their authors.

With but few exceptions then, and I make the announcement with great pleasure, the sorrow and grief of the people are deep and universal. Such a spectacle of deep affection at the loss of a chieftain, if I have read history correctly, the world has not before seen; for the circumstances connected with this whole matter are of a very peculiar character. In this sweeping statement I do not even except the case of William, Prince of Orange, who was shot on the steps of his own palace; nor that of Henry IV, King of France, who was stabbed in his carriage in the crowded streets of Paris.

To-day twenty millions of freemen, men, women and children are bathed in tears. Sorrow, like a vast dismal pall, settles down upon the land. Why is it? A great and good man has fallen; *and has fallen as a martyr*. Did he deserve such a fate? Not a nobler, tenderer-hearted, purer-minded man walks God's earth to-day.

But why do we feel so intensely? Because it was not only the murder of a man, but of the President of the United States of America, than which no higher or nobler office exists in the world. But was he a Tyrant? Shame on the vile wretch who, after he had done his fatal work, shouted, *Sic Semper Tyrannis*; and then added "*The South is avenged.*" Ah! this last expression is the key that unlocks the mystery. *The South killed him! Slavery killed him! Rebellion killed him!*

It is not enough to affirm that the leaders of the Rebellion were not cognizant of this foul plot. They may and they may not have been. But I tell you here to-day that the spirit that assassinated Sumner in the Senate; that brandished its pistols, swords and bowie-knives for years; that sent the first shot whirling against the ramparts of Sumter; that

buried our fallen heroes faces downward at the battle of Bull Run ; that took their sacred skulls and used them for drinking cups ; that murdered the defenceless inhabitants of Lawrence, and then burnt the town ; that butchered our colored soldiers at Fort Pillow so unmercifully ; that sent those fiendish raids upon our Northern and Eastern frontier to rob and murder the inhabitants and burn their towns ; that took our brothers captured in battle and put them in the slave-pens of the South with nothing to shelter them from the storms of Winter or the heat of Summer ; that robbed them of their clothing and left them naked to die ; that systematically and persistently starved them so that they either died or were terribly emaciated when it was proved beyond all doubt that there was plenty for them to eat ; the same spirit that did all these things is the self-same spirit that murdered our President, cut the throat of his Premier, and sought to kill the Vice-President and every member of the Cabinet, together with our leading Generals. It is the final culmination of Slavery and of Southern Chivalry.

And yet Jefferson Davis, who positively sanctioned nearly if not all of the former acts of atrocity we have specified, if not the last great one also, stands up and asks Heaven to witness the purity of his heart, the justice of his cause, and the sincerity of his purposes. What a wonder that God did not send a bolt of Divine vengeance from the skies, and smite the wretch dead upon the spot. If the Devil don't get him at last, pray tell me what is the use of having a Devil. I only hope and pray that he may come under our authority first before his master gets him. And yet there are hundreds in the South to-day just as bad and God-forsaken as he. And in speaking of these very leaders, how frequently we call them our *erring brethren* ! My God ! deliver us from such scorpions ! I tell you that it is a most merciful Providence that has delivered us from the rule of such men. See, O see, what fiends Slavery and Rebellion have made them ! Talk no more to me of the scenes of the darker ages.

And now, what had Abraham Lincoln done to deserve death at the hand of a Southern assassin ? He simply regarded his oath of office, maintained the constitution, and vindicated the laws. He undertook to destroy Rebellion, and in doing that saw that its cause was Slavery. After repeated

and unsuccessful attempts to destroy the Rebellion without touching its cause, he aimed a heavy blow at the monster, and the whole thing began to totter. In doing this deed, he at once lifted himself high among the great Philosophers, Sages and Philanthropists of the world.

Abraham Lincoln was a wise man in the true sense of that word. He saw where the difficulty was, struck the blow just in the right place and at the right time ; and at once disintegration began to follow in all the South. Divine wisdom and foresight methinks, must have directed him to take that step. The rebellion then began to die, grew weaker and weaker every day and every moment, and as it was just drawing its last gasp, it summoned its remaining energies as dying men often do in the agonies of dissolution, and aimed a deadly blow at him who had struck down Slavery and Rebellion. He fell a martyr ; and the blood of martyrs shall be the seed of a mighty and free Republic. Let his name stand upon the brightest page of history where shine the names of the world's great martyrs who have lived and died for God and humanity.

And just here allow me again to revert to the kindness of Mr. Lincoln's heart, and the forbearance of his nature. For four long years he bore with our enemies, until many of us thought that forbearance and tenderness were his only faults. He talked to them as a father, and besought them to return home : and when they killed him, they killed their best and truest friend. He had nothing of animosity toward them in his heart when he died. His last words were words of kindness ; his last thoughts those of love. *How could they kill him ? O, how could they do it ?* Before he died he doubtless felt for them somewhat as our Lord Jesus Christ felt for his murderers more than eighteen hundred years ago ; and could he have spoken before he passed away, it is not mockery for us to believe that he would have also said, "*Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.*"

Mr. Lincoln was not only an honest man, but we have good reasons for believing he was also a christian man. His great wisdom has seemed most marvelous : perhaps the secret was, he sought and obtained Divine guidance. We have heard with great pleasure, from a most trustworthy source, that he accustomed himself to spend an hour every morning, before beginning the duties of the day, in acts of religious devotion.

He was a man of prayer ; and if we have ever had a President since the days of Washington who felt his dependence upon God, that man was Abraham Lincoln. All his messages prove this. No State papers that have ever emanated from the Executive mansion, if we except perhaps those of Washington, have so fully and uniformly recognized God and Divine Providence in the affairs of men as his. A deep and high-toned religious sentiment pervaded all his important official utterances. A good, sound Christian theology permeated his entire being, and this evidently grew upon him, for his later documents were more evidently Christian in tone than his earlier ones. His late inaugural for example was the embodiment not only of sound logic, but of a true divinity. Mr. Lincoln certainly showed increasing evidences of personal religion. And for all these things we are truly thankful to God.

His ability as a statesman is recognized by all. Even the unfriendly portion of the English press has recently been forced to acknowledge this fact. But we will not detain you at this time upon the matter of his statesmanship, for this alone were the labor of an hour. But I would have all men see a close connection between his personal piety and his success as a statesman. The one is very largely the basis of the other. Would that all statesmen would heed this lesson and reduce it to a personal practical test.

Now, it would be useless for me to undertake to disguise the fact that the feeling in respect to this event is deep and wide-spread. It could not be otherwise. There is not only great grief but great indignation on the part of the people. This nation has been moved as it had never been moved before. The shock was terrific, causing the whole land to vibrate from centre to circumference. But what is the result ? Is there riot and bloodshed in all the land ? Did it produce a counter revolution ? No ! Let the world look on and see whether we have borne this wonderful trial manfully or not. It has produced no revolution. Only here and there have there been cases of personal violence, and those seemed to be cases of righteous retribution. The people of the North are a peace-loving and law-abiding people. Our conduct in this great ordeal will produce weighty conviction in the States beyond the seas. We are profoundly grateful to God

that we have been able thus to conduct ourselves. Now, I gather from all this a mighty argument in vindication of the stability of our form of Government. The Monarchies of Europe seemed to suppose that our theory of government was false, and that we were building upon an insecure basis. They have hoped and expected to see us broken up. Why they thus hoped, we are not now discussing, but simply dealing with the fact. And therefore, with great unanimity, they predicted that we could not survive the shock of our great civil war. It is true our vessel was strained from keel to mast-head ; but the storm is past, and we are entering the harbor. It was a great marvel to Europe that we could have a peaceable Presidential election in the midst of our great civil strife.

Mr. Lincoln forcibly put this very point in his address immediately after the results of the last election were made known when he said that the world had not before supposed that this was possible. The result astonished the old world : but it will be infinitely more marvelous when they learn how we have sustained this mighty shock. And now I ask you to behold the tremendous fact that the wheels of government were not blocked for a single moment.

In four hours after Abraham Lincoln died, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, was inaugurated President of the United States of America. His first act was to appoint an acting Secretary of State, which he at once did, and all things were in motion.

And it is also astonishing to see how quickly the people transferred their confidence from him they loved and trusted so well to his successor in office.

We challenge the world to produce so grand a spectacle as this. Let Europe talk no more about our rope of sand, and the certain failure of a Republican form of Government. It is all a grand mistake. Our foundation is the solid rock. Our government rests upon the basis of Liberty, Justice and Humanity. God had something to do in founding this Republic. He laid the corner-stone thereof ; and our glorious fabric will continue to stand and tower, the admiration of the whole world. It will loom up as a grand monument at once reflecting the glory of God and the wisdom of man.

My brethren, this is no time for despondency. We have

too grand a past, and too bright a future. Our chief has fallen by the hand of an assassin it is true, but thank God the Government stands unshaken ; and I deliberately affirm here to-day, from the symptoms which I gather from the beating of the popular pulse, that it was never so strong before as at this very hour. The thing that I say is true. Our standard-bearer has fallen, pierced through the head, but another sprung forth in an instant and seized the colors, and is bearing them onward in triumph. The people have faith in Andrew Johnson, and they will hold up his hands, and God will lead us on if we trust in Him, in the path of national greatness and national glory.

A few words respecting the plotters and leaders of the Rebellion. What shall be done with them ? Let every one of them be put on trial for treason ; let them have an impartial trial ; and if they be found guilty, unless there be some extenuating circumstances demanding executive clemency, let them be hanged by the neck until they are dead ; and may God have mercy on their souls. This is not the wild cry of vengeance. Far from it. All we ask is that mercy shall stand in her proper place, and not undertake to usurp the functions of justice. In the Divine government justice is just as essential as mercy. Each has its sphere, and neither must encroach upon the other. Now if the Divine government rests upon such a basis, and cannot exist unless it does, certain it is that no human government can exist upon a basis other than this ; for, it is a primary principle laid down by Blackstone and all other eminent writers on legal science, that all human laws must rest upon the basis of the Divine laws. The conclusion then is clear and inevitable. There can be no order without law. Law must be respected and obeyed ; and when it is not respected and obeyed punishment must follow. And I ask in all seriousness, can men, in the administration of human Government, afford to be more generous than God in the administration of Divine government ? We wait an answer. Does not God punish rebels against his government with a rigorous severity—yea, even eternal banishment from his presence ?

We repeat—we thirst not to-day for revenge, but only ask that Justice may exercise the functions which belong to her ; and unless I greatly mistake, she will find no impediment in

the person of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America.

But our friend and father is no more. He is dead, but yet speaketh. He died at his post ; he fell with his armor on. We will thank God that his work was so completely and so well done. It would have been pleasant for him doubtless to have reaped the fruit of his labors, but God has otherwise ordered it. He tilled the soil, sowed the seed, and watched the result with prayer : another is permitted to reap the harvest and bring in the sheaves. Good will assuredly come of this, for God makes even the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath will he restrain. We bow before the rod that correcteth us. We richly deserve it all.

We are smitten and afflicted, but not destroyed. We are bowed down with grief, but in the name of God we will rise again with augmented strength to measure swords with the enemies of our country. Henceforth let the world know that we have branded treason as the highest crime, and that he that commits it must die.

Amongst all the various classes who mourn the death of our President, those, perhaps, who are colored most deeply feel their loss. In him were centered their hopes ; his name was linked with their liberty and well-being. May his mantle fall upon his successor ! As his tall and manly form lay in state at the White House, perhaps the most affecting scene was this : A colored woman lifted her little girl above the heads of the surging crowd, and slowly made her way toward the spot where the chieftain lay, and when spoken to by one in regard to it exclaimed, with eyes suffused with tears, "*I want to show her the man that made her free.*" Grand sweet words. What a precious legacy for the widow and children of the martyred hero !

We also thank God that he went down to an honored grave. A monument of art will be reared over his tomb ; but he himself has made one grander, prouder, more enduring ; one that Time cannot efface. He has enshrined himself in the hearts and affections of the people ; and there he will live fresh and green. We will speak his name and chant his praise to our children, and they to their children ; and with the name of Washington, it will be handed from father to son, even down to far-off generations. And henceforth the ages will point to

MOUNT VERNON and to SPRINGFIELD. In the one tomb rests the *father*, and in the other the *saviour* of his country. *Sleep, chieftains, sleep!*

The character of Abraham Lincoln, in all its fine proportions and colossal greatness, is not fully seen to-day. As time rolls onward, it will be lifted higher and higher; and like the grand old Alps, it will appear more majestic from afar. Distance will lend enchantment to the view. When we speak his name to our children yet unborn, they will sigh that they could not have lived in his day.

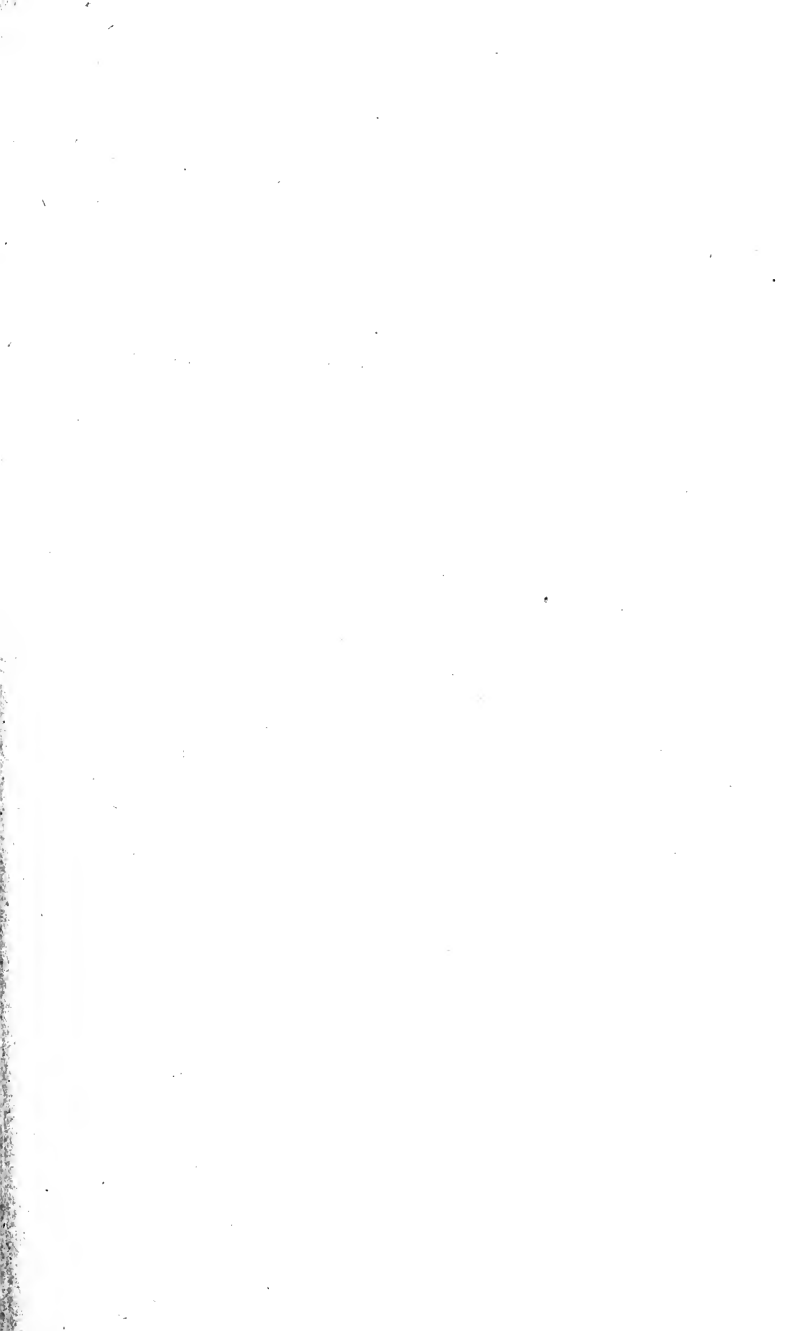
On the morning of the assassination of the President a little boy was seen wiping something up with a piece of paper from the steps of the building where the deed was done; and when asked what he was doing said, "*Why, it's the blood of the President—I am saving it!*" Wise boy. That will indeed be a relict worth having. And here we learn how priceless a thing Liberty is. What an almost infinite price has been paid to redeem it! The precious blood of thousands upon thousands of our brothers had been given, but still she cried for more. And now the blood and very life of our President has been laid upon her altar.

O, Liberty, art thou satisfied now? *She cries enough.* Then thou art ours, and we will highly prize thee.

But our chieftain sleeps in death. He has gone, we trust, where no assassin can intrude, and no murderer lurk. Peace to his ashes. His work is done; he rests from his labors. No more will he hear the beat of the drum, or the roar of the cannon. No longer will the strains of martial music stir his breast or fire his heart: but now we trust the melody of Heaven and the music of the harpers of the sky, fall with their sweet and undying cadences upon his gladdened ear and enraptured spirit, hard by the throne of God and the Lamb.

O, ye angelic hosts, place upon the brow of the hero the Martyr's crown, and let it sparkle in the light of God's radiant Throne forever and forever!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Patriot, Sage, Philanthropist and Martyr!* Hail and Farewell!



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